

The most lamentable Tragedie

*Deme.* Chiron thy yeeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge  
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,  
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.

*Chiron.* Demetrius, thou doost ouerweene in all,  
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,  
Tis not the difference of a yeere or two  
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:  
I am as able and as fit as thou,  
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,  
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,  
And pleade my passions for *Lavinias* loue.

*Moore.* Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keepe the peace.

*Deme.* Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)  
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends:  
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chiron.* Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,  
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.

*Deme.* Boy, grow yee so braue? *they draw.*

*Aron.* Why how now Lords?

So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,  
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?  
Full well I wote the ground of all this grudge,  
I would not for a million of gold,  
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes,  
Nor would your noble mother for much more  
Be so dishonoured in the Court of *Rome*.  
For shame put vp.

*Deme.* Not I, till I haue sheathd  
My rapier in his bosome, and withall  
Thrust those reprochfull speeches downe his throate,  
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.

*Chiron.* For that I am prepard, and full resolute,

Foule

of Titus Andronicus.

Foule spoken Coward, that thundrest with thy tongue  
And with thy weapon nothing darst performe.

*Moore.* Away I say.

Now by the Gods that warlike *Gothes* adore,  
This petty brabble will vndoo vs all:  
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous  
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,  
Or *Basilius* so degenerate,  
That for her loue such quarrels may be brocht,  
Without controlement, iustice, or reuenge.

Young Lords beware, and should the Empresse know,  
This discords ground, the musicke would not please.

*Chiron.* I care not I, knew she and all the world,  
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

*Demetrius.* Youngling learne thou to make some m  
*Lavinia* is thine elder brothers hope.

*Moore.* Why are ye mad? or know yee not in *Rome*  
How furious and impatient they be,  
And cannot brooke competitors in loue?  
I tell you Lords, you doo but plot your deaths,  
By this deuise.

*Chiron.* *Aron*, A thousand deaths would I propo  
To atchiue her whom I loue.

*Aron.* To atchiue her how?

*Demetrius.* Why makes thou it so strange?  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,  
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wone,  
Shee is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lou'd.  
What man, more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is,  
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue we know:  
Though *Basilius* be the Emperours brother,  
Better than he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.

C<sup>2</sup>